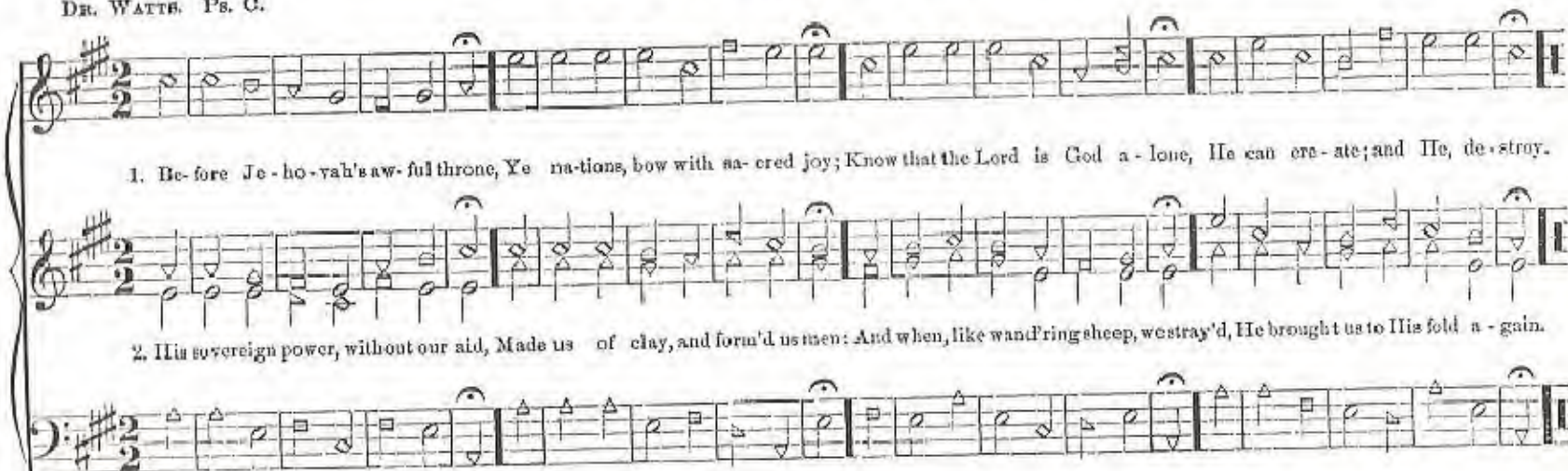


THE OLIVE LEAF.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Wm. Frame 1843.

DR. WATTS. PS. C.



1. Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa-cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre-ate; and He, de-stroy.

2. His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men: And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd, He brought us to His fold a-gain.

3. We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

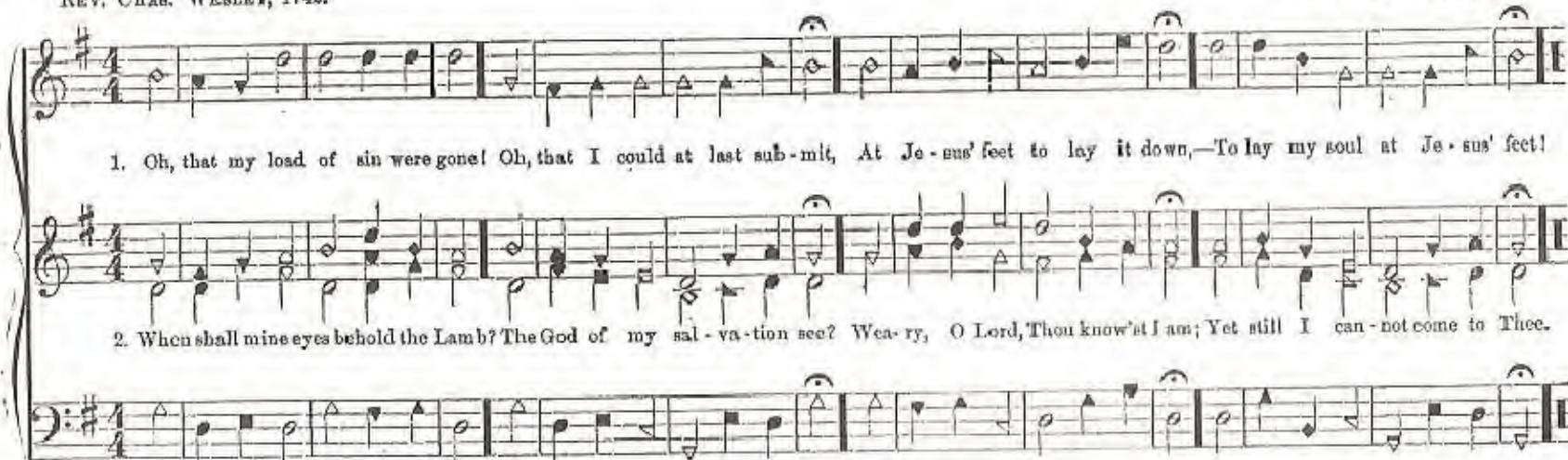
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5. Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1742.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Oh, that my load of sin were gone! Oh, that I could at last sub-mit, At Je-sus' feet to lay it down,—To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!

2. When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb? The God of my sal-va-tion see? Wea-ry, O Lord, Thou know'st I am; Yet still I can-not come to Thee.

3. Rest for my soul I long to find :
Savior of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart!

4. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free :
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

5. Fain would I learn of Thee my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross all stain'd with hallowed blood,
The labor of Thy dying love.

6. I would, but Thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace!

7. Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay !
Appear in my poor heart appear—
My God, my Savior, come away!

ROCKINGHAM.

Morning Hymn, by BISHOP T. KEN, 1697,

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2. Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last ;
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

3. Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words and ways.

4. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King.

5. Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow !
Praise Him, all creatures here below :
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

DR. I. WATTS, 1706.

T. THORLEY.

FINE.

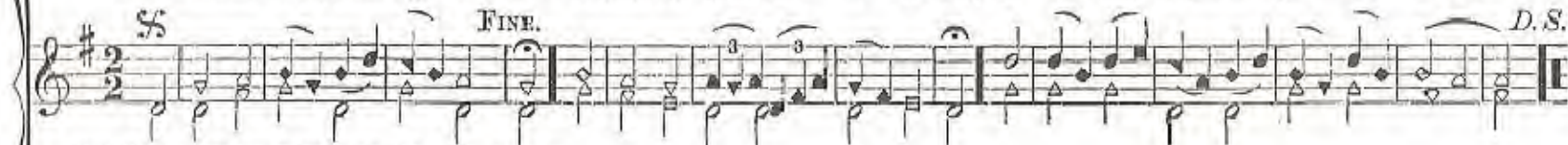
D.S.



1. E - ter - nal Pow'r, whose high a - bode Becomes the grand - eur of a God, In fi - nite length a - bode the bounds.

FINE.

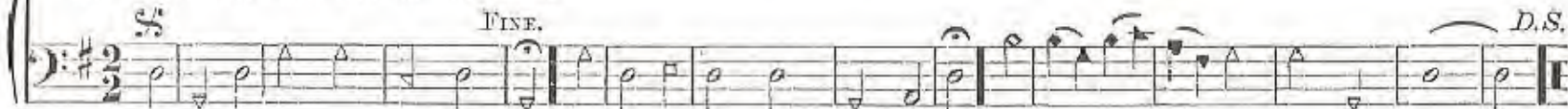
D.S.



D.S. Where stars re - volve their lit - tle rounds.

FINE.

D.S.



2. Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
3. Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4. Earth, from afar, hath heard Thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp Thy name:
But O! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
5. God is in heav'n, and men below:
Be short our tunes! our words be few!
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

THINK OF JESUS.

REV. C. WESLEY.

1. Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy! He'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty! He'll forgive.
2. Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n;
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.
3. To shame our sins He blush'd in blood;
He clos'd His eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.
4. 'Tis Thee I love; for Thee alone
I shed my tears, and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the Object of my love.
5. Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

St. Bernard's
1145.

CHORUS.

1. There is a land mine eyes hath seen, In visions of en - raptured thought,
So bright, that all that spreads between, Is with its glo - rious radiance fraught. We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,

We are pass - ing a - way. Let us hail the hap - py day!

2. A land, upon whose blissful shore,
There rests no shadow, fulls no stain;
Where those who meet shall part no more,
And friends long parted meet again.
—CHO.
3. Its skies are not like other skies,
With varying hues of shade and light:

It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.—CHO.

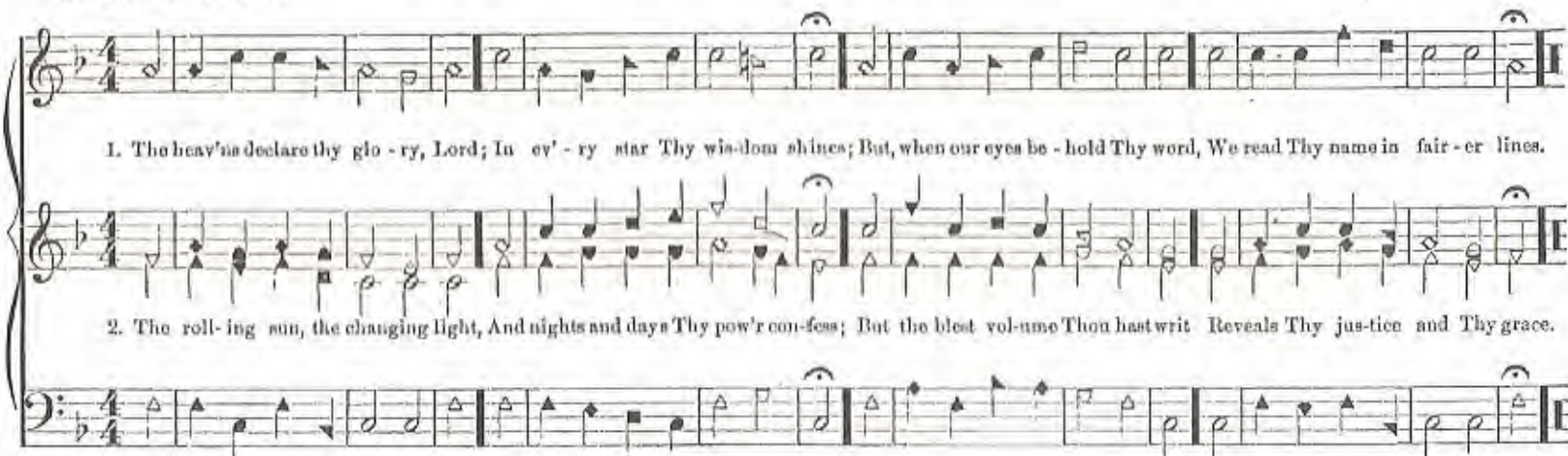
4. There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode:
The wanderer a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God.—CHO.

HEAVEN.

1. There is a heav'n o'er yonder skies,
A heav'n where pleasure never dies;
A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again it's not for me.
—CHO.
2. I travel thro' a world of foes,
Thro' conflicts e'er my spirit goes;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
—CHO.
3. But, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's my Savior, Friend, and King;

With pleasing smiles He now looks down,
And cries "press on! and here's the Crown."
—CHO.

4. Prove faithful, child, a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race;
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain.
—CHO.
5. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last joyful trumpet shall sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.—CHO.



3. Sun, moon, and stars, convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4. Nor shall the spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5. Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6. Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heav'n.

UXBRIDGE.

DR. WATTS.

1. O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, thro' ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.
2. Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3. Happy are they, and only they,
Who from his judgments never stray;
Who know what's right; not only so,
But always practice what they know.
4. Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

5. Oh, may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine!
6. Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

SINGING CHILDREN.

To my loved brother, CHARLES H. GABRIEL, of Wilton Junction, Iowa.

Words and Music and WM. HAUSER, M. D., July, 1878.

Omit last time.

| 1st time. | 2d time. |

1. Lit - tle chil-dren, let us sing Prais-es to our heav'nly King, Him who suf-fer'd, bled and died for you and me;
 Let us sing the bless-ed love Which the Sa-vior, from a - bove, Showed for sin-ners when He hung up - on the tree:

D.C. Let us praise Him as we go, Trav'ling thro' this world be-low,

Omit last time.

| 1st time. | 2d time. |

CHORUS.

D.C.

FINE.

Hal-le - lu - jah to our King! Hal-le - lu - jah we will sing, To the Lamb that died for you and me! And we'll praise Him in e - ter - ni - ty.

Hal-le - lu - - - jah! Hal-le - lu - - - jah! To the Lamb that died for you and me! And we'll praise Him in e - ter - ni - ty.

D.C.

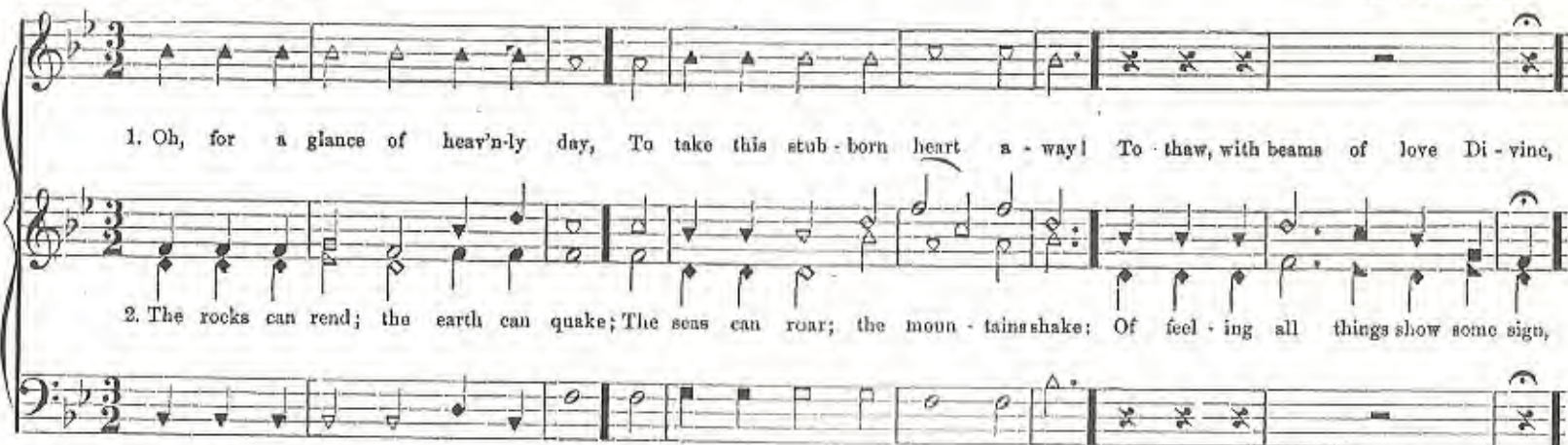
FINE.

Hal-le - lu - jah to our King! Hal-le - lu - jah we will sing, To the Lamb that died for you and me! And we'll praise Him in e - ter - ni - ty.

2. Let us sing, and joyful be,
 For the Savior made us free,
 By His death upon the cruel Roman cross;
 Let us trust, then, in His blood,
 And resign our souls to God.
 Let us count, for Jesus, earthly things as dross. — Cho.

3. Let us love the Savior's name,
 For He ever is the same;
 He's the Friend that died for sinners on the tree;
 Let us ne'er forget to praise
 Him that saves us by His grace;
 Bless the Lord! He died for you and me. — Cho.

4. Every one that loves the Lord,
 And will fully trust His word,
 He hath said "Shall never taste the cup of death;"
 Then my darlings, let us sing
 Praises to our Savior King,
 While He gives to us this fleeting, mortal breath. — Cho.



1. Oh, for a glance of heav'nly day, To take this stub-born heart a-way! To thaw, with beams of love Di-vine,

2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the moun-tains shake; Of feel-ing all things show some sign,



This heart, this fro-zen heart of mine!

But this un-feel-ing heart of mine,

3. To hear the sorrow Thou hast felt,
O Lord, an sinner would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4. Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5. But something yet can do the deed;
And that blest something much I need:
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

THE SAINTS ON HIGH.

1. Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Savior crowned with light,
Cloth'd with a body like our own.

2. Adoring saints around Him stand,
And Thrones and Pow'rs before Him
fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds bright glories on them all.

3. O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And echo, from each heav'nly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King!

John Dobell. 1806.

THE GOOD OLD WAY. L. M.

A tune and song of the Granade period. Arr'd by Wm. HAUSEN, M. D.

1. Lift up your heads, Em-man-u-el's friends, And taste the pleas-ure Je-sus sends; Let noth-ing cause you to de-lay,

2. Our con-flicts here, tho' great they be, Shall not pre-vent our vic-to-ry, If we but watch, and strive, and pray!

But hast-en on the good old way.

Like sol-diers in the good old way.

3. O good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say
We're marching in the good old way!

4. Tho' Satan may his powers employ—
Our happiness he would destroy—
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
By marching in the good old way.

5. And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view, by faith, the promis'd land,
Then we will sing, and shout, and pray,
And glory in the good old way.

6. Ye valiant souls, for heav'n contend;
Remember, glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7. Then, far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before;
And shout to think we've gained the day,
By marching in the good old way.

From "Hollis," of *Christian Harmony*. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev' - ry eve - ning new;
And morn - ing mer - cies from a - bove Gent - ly de - scend, like ear - ly dew.

2. Thou spread'st the cur - tains of the night, Great Guar - dian of my sleep - ing hours:
Thy sov - ereign word re - stores the light, And quick - ens all my drow - sy pow'rs.

3. I yield myself to Thy com - mand,
To Thee devote my nights and days:
Perpetual mercies from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

EVENING HYMN.

By BISHOP T. KEN, 1697.

1. Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, Oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!
2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be!
3. If, in the night, I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest,
3. Teach me to live so I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the Judgment day!
4. Oh let my soul on Thee repose!
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake!

1. Ye na - tions round the earth, re - joice Be - fore the Lord, your sove - reign King; Serve Him with cheer - ful heart and voice,

2. The Lord is good; 'tis He a - lone Doth life, and breath, and be - ing give; We are His work, and not our own,

With all your tongues His glo - ry sing.

The sheep that on His pas - tures live.

"LIFE THE DAY OF GRACE AND HOPE"

WATTS, IL 83.

Ecc. ix, 4-6, 10.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n
T' escape from hell and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
3. The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
4. Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
5. Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
6. There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign, in eternal silence, there.

WATTS. Evening hymn.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on; Thus far His pow'r pro-longs my days; And ev'-ry eve-ning shall make known

2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home; But He for-gives my fol-lies past,

Some fresh me-mo-rial of His grace,

And gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down in sleep;
Peace in the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4. In vain the sons of earth and hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell,
Beneath the shadow of His wings.

5. Faith in His name forbids my fear;
Oh may Thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

6. Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb
With sweet salvation in the sound.

A PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.

1. O God, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart!
'Stablish with me the covenant
now,
And write perfection in my heart.

2. To real holiness restore me,
Oh let me gain my Saviour's mind!
And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fullness of life eternal find.

3. Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore,
With speechless wonder, at Thy feet.

4. O'erwhelm'd with Thy stupendous
grace,
I shall not in Thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1762.

5. Then ev'ry murm'ring thought and
vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain;
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6. Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth, as in the dust, I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God forever pacified.

1. Thou Great In-struct - or, lest I stray, Oh, teach my err - ing feet Thy way! Thy truth, with ev - er fresh de - light,

2. How oft my heart's af - fec - tions yield, And wan - der o'er the world's wide field! My rov - ing pas - sions, Lord, re - claim;

3. Then to my God my heart and tongue,
With all their pow'rs, shall raise the song;
On earth Thy glories I'll declare,
Till heav'n th' immortal notes shall hear.

REVERENCE FOR GOD.

WATTS.

1. Eternal Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinita lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:
2. Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
3. Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
4. Earth, from afar, hath heard Thy fame,
And worms have learned to hush Thy name;
But, O! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
5. God is in heav'n, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Shall guide my doubt - ful steps a - right.

U - nite them all to fear thy name!

Jos. Giga, 1765.
 THOMAS GREEN, of Ware, England. Luke ix, 23.

ASHAMED OF JESUS. L. M.

Air by MRS. SALLIE PHILIPS MADDEN. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise,

2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star; Ho sheds the beams of light Di - vine

Whose glo - ry shines thro' end - less days?

O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.

- 3. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of moon:
 'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
 (Bright Morning Star!) bid darkness flee.
- 4. Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend,
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.
- 5. Ashamed of Jesus? Yes; I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 6. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Savior slain!
 And, O! may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

"COME WITH US; WE WILL DO THEE GOOD." NUMBERS x, 29.

- 1. I long to see the seasons come,
 When sinners shall come flocking home,
 To taste the riches of His love,
 And sing God's God's praise like those above.
- 2. Hark! hear the Gospel trumpet sound,
 Inviting sinners all around;
 Behold! your loving Savior stands,
 And spreads for you His bleeding hands.
- 3. He now is knocking at your heart,
 Waiting salvation to impart;
 To wash you in atoning blood,
 And make you heirs and sons of God.
- 4. A few more days, and you must go
 To realms of joy, or endless woe
 In worlds above, with Christ to dwell,
 Or sink beneath His frowns in hell.
- 5. Come sinners, all, now warning take
 And all your sinful ways forsake:
 This world give o'er; leave sin behind;
 In Christ you shall redemption find.
- 6. Take your companions by the hand,—
 Take all your children in a band,
 And give them up at Jesu's call;
 He'll pardon, bless, and save you all.

KING OF GLORY. L. M. D.

DR. WATTS, 1709, and M. MADAN, 1860. See Brit. Wes. Hymn-Book.

REV. JOHN HENRY WHITE, of Forsyth Co., N. C.
FINE.

1. He dies, the Friend of sin - ners, dies, Lo! Sa - lem's daugh - ters weep a - round:
A sol - emn dark - ness veils the skies, A sud - den trem - bling shakes the ground: Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,

D.C. He shed a thou - sand drops for you, A thou - sand drops of rich - er blood.

FINE.

D.C.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids His rise:
Cherubie legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies

For Him who groan'd be - neath your load;

3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your Great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.
Say: "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster: "Where's thy sting?"
And: "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

PENITENT SINNER.

WATTS. 51st Ps.

D.C.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace:
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound;
So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

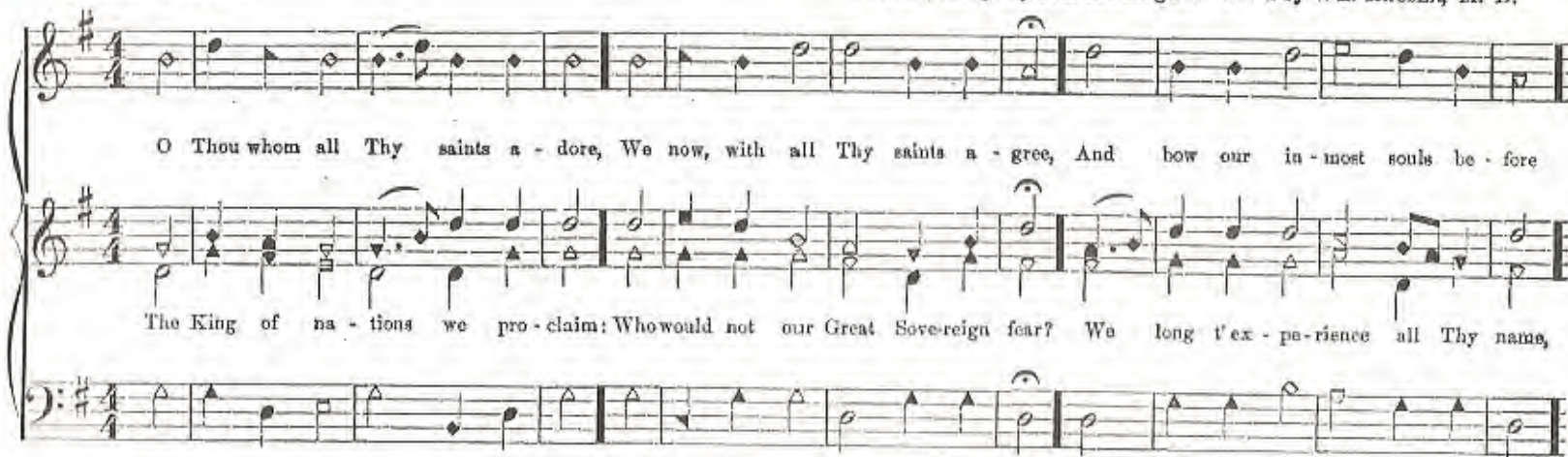
2. Oh wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.

3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just, in death;
And, if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

REV. C. WESLEY.

The air perhaps by Jno. Massengale. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.



O Thou whom all Thy saints a - dore, We now, with all Thy saints a - gree, And bow our in - most souls be - fore
The King of na - tions we pro - claim: Who would not our Great Sovereign fear? We long t' ex - pa - rience all Thy name,



Thy glo - rious aw - ful maj - es - ty!
And lo! we come to meet Thee here.

3. We came, Great God, to seek Thy face,
And for Thy loving kindness wait;
And O! how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
4. Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh;
To Thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

5. Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill!
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to Thy holy hill.
6. There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above;
And take our seats at Thy right hand,
And sing Thine everlasting love

BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK. REV. III, 20.

GUES.

1. Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
2. O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands:
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!
5. Admit Him, ere His anger burn;—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, ere the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.
3. But will He prove a Friend indeed?
He will; the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dy'd on Calvary.
4. Rise, touch'd with gratitude Divine;
Turn out His enemies and thine,
That soul-destroying monster sin,
And let the heav'nly Stranger in.

WATTS. Ps. 147.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voi - ces in His praise; His na - ture and His works in - vite

2. The Lord builds up Je - ru - sa - lem,* And gath - ers na - tions to His name: His mer - cy melts the stub - born soul,

To make this du - ty our de - light.

And makes the bro - ken spir - it whole.

3. He formed the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His sovereign wisdom knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
4. Great be our Lord, and great His might,
And all His glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.
5. Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds around the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6. He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And feeds the ravens when they cry.
7. What is the creature's skill or force?
The vigorous man, the warlike horse,
The sprightly wit, the active limb,
Are all too mean delights for Him.
8. But saints are lovely in His sight;
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And feeds and loves His image there.

REV. C. WESLEY.

THE HEARTY WELCOME.

1. Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Yet need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now

3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
4. My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

5. See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!

*The Lord is going to build up Jerusalem again: see Ezek. 34th, 36th, 39th, and 40th Chaps. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

1. Fare-well! fare-well to all be-low! My Sa-vior calls, and I must go; I'll launch my bark up-on the sea;

2. I find the wind-ing path of sin A rug-ged way to trav-el in: Be-yond the swell-ing waves, I see

This land is not the land for me.

The land the Sa-vior bought for me.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 3. Farewell, my friends! I cannot stay;
The land I seek is far away:
Where Christ is not I would not be;
This land is not the land for me. | 6. Where kindred spirits meet again,
Secure from sorrow, sin, and pain;
They feast on pleasures full and free:
O that's the land, the land for me. |
| 4. Praise be to God, who rules on high,
Where angels sing! and so would I:
Where angels bow, and bend the knee
O that's the land, the land for me. | 7. O sinner, come! will you not go?
There's room enough for you, I know:
Our ship is sound, the passage free;
And there's a better land for thee. |
| 5. No night is there; 'Tis always day;
And God will wipe all tears away:
No parting ever more shall be;
O that's the land, the land for me. | 8. If thou refuse, I part with thee;
I'm bound that happy land to see:
With Christ my Lord I soon shall be,
In heav'n, the happy land for me. |

1. Thou Man of griefs, re-mem-ber me, Who nev-er canst Thy-self for-get Thy last mys-te-rious ag-o-o-ny,

2. When, wrest-ling in the strength of pray'r, Thy spir-it sunk be-neath its load, Thy fee-ble flesh ab-horr'd to bear

Thy faint-ing pangs and blood-y sweat.

The wrath of an Al-might-y God.

3. Father (if I may call Thee so),
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!
4. I tremble, lest the wrath Divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

5. To Thee my last distress I bring;
Tha heighten'd fear of death I find:
The tyrant brandishing his sting
Appears, and hell is close behind!
6. I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from Thee!
Oh save, and give me to Thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

WATTS—HYMNS.

1. 'Twas on that dark and doleful night
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd Him to His foes,
2. Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What love thro' all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!
3. "This is my body broke for sin,
Receive, and eat, the living food;"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine—
"Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
4. For us His flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, He felt the thorn:

- And justice poured upon His head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
5. For us His vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave His soul a sacrifice.
6. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend;
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Lord."
7. Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

BONNIE DOON. L. M. D.

19

HENRY KIRK WHITE, of England.

A pretty old Scotch tune. *Bonnie* means pretty, beautiful, and *Doon* is the name of a river in Scotland.

1. When, mar-shall'd on the night-ly plain, The glit-tring host be-stud the sky, One star a-lone, of all the train,

D.S. But one a-lone the Sa-vior speaks,

FINE.

D.S.

Can fix the sin-ner's wan-d'ring eye. Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks, From ev'-ry host, from ev'-ry gem,

D.S.

FINE.

It is the Star of Beth-Je-hem.

FINE.

D.S.

2. Once on the raging seas I rold;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yaw'd, and rudely blow'd
The winds that toss'd my foundering barque.

Deep horrors then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When sud-denly a star arose!
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3. It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

WATTS—HYMNS.

GRAHAM. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim' - rous worms we mor - tals are! Death is the gate to end - less joy;
 D.S. And yet we dread to 'en - ter there!

2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 And we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4. Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

2 Cor., vi, 2.

1. While life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found and peace is giv'n;
 But soon, ah soon, approaching night
 Will blot out every hope of heav'n.
2. While God invites how bless'd the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste! O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God is found!

3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave,
 Before His bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear or save.
4. In that lone land of deep despair
 No Sabbath's heav'nly light shall rise,
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 No Savior call you to the skies.



1. Lord, 'twas a time of wondrous love, When Thou didst first draw near my soul, And by Thy Spirit, from above,

2. Guilty and self-condemned I stood, Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near; But He my evil heart renewed,

3. He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all His ways :
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, equal praise !

EVENING SONG.

By STEELE. Meth. Prot. Hymn-Book.



My raging passions didst control.

And all His graces planned there.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Great God, to Thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude I raise ;
Oh let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise ! | 3. And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove. |
| 2. My days, unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and pow'r. | 4. Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus : His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne. |
| 5. Let this bless'd hope my eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame :
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name. | |

REV. JOHN WESLEY. "Grace at Table."

FINE.



1. Be pres - ent at our ta - ble, Lord, Be here, as ev' - ry - where a - dored; We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food, But more because of
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we May feast in Par - a - dise with Thee:



D. C. Let man - na to our souls be giv'n, The bread of life sent down from heav'n.

FINE.



D.C.



Je - su's blood; Let man - na to our souls be giv'n, The bread of life sent down from heav'n.



D.C.



DISMISSION PRAYER AT THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live:
Tho' we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

W. H. A. 1742.

A good song to enlist soldiers for Christ.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

CHORUS.

1. I long to see the sea - sons come— I am go - ing to join in the ar - my—
When sin - ners shall come flock - ing home— I am go - ing to join in the ar - my: I am go - ing to join in the

To taste the rich - es of God's love— I am go - ing, &c.
And sing His praise in realms a - bove— I am go - ing, &c.

I am go - ing, &c.

ar - my of the Lord, I am go - ing to join in the ar - my.

2. Hark! hear the gospel trumpet sound,
Inviting sinners all around:
Behold, your loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.
3. He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart:
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
4. A few more days, and you must go
To realms of joy, or endless woe:
In worlds above, with Christ to dwell;
Or sink beneath His frowns to hell.
5. Come, sinners all, now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake:
This world give o'er, leave sin behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.
6. Take your companions by the hand;
Take all your children, in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
He'll pardon, bless, and save you all.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, Moravian, of Sheffield, England.

REV. GEO. COLES, of New York, 1830.

1. A poor way - far - ing man of grief Hath oft - en crossed me on my way, Who sued so hum - bly for re - lief

D.S. Yet there was something in his eye

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three staves: a vocal melody line, a piano accompaniment line, and a bass line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bass line begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

FINE. *D.S.*

That I could nev - er an - swer, Nay. I had not pow'r to ask his name, Whith - er he went, or whence he came,

That won my love; I knew not why.

FINE. *D.S.*

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of three staves: a vocal melody line, a piano accompaniment line, and a bass line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bass line begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered—not a word He spake—
 Just perishing for want of bread :
 I gave him all ; he bless'd it, brake,
 And ate ; but gave me part again ;
 Mine was an angel's portion then :
 And, while I fed with eager haste,
 The crust was manna to my taste.

3. I spied him where the fountain burst,
 Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
 The heedless water mock'd his thirst ;
 He heard it, saw it, hurrying on.
 I ran and rais'd the sufferer up ;
 Thrice, from the stream, he drain'd my cup ;
 Dipp'd, and returned it running o'er ;
 I drank, and never thirsted more.

4. 'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
 A wintry hurricane aloof ;
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew
 To bid him welcome to my roof.
 I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest ;
 Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
 Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
 In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

5. Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side ;
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath
 Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed.
 I had myself a wound concealed ;
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

In pris'n I saw him next, condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
 My friendships utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die :
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, " I will ! "

7. Then, in a moment, to my view
 The stranger started from disguise ;
 The tokens in his hands I knew—
 My Savior stood before my eyes !
 He spake, and my poor name He nam'd :
 " Of Me thou hast not been ashamed ;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
 Fear not ; thou didst it unto me."

1. Show pit-y Lord! Oh Lord forgive! Save, mighty Lord! }
 Let a re-pent-ing re-bel live! Save, mighty Lord! } Oh save, save, mighty Lord! And send convert-ing power down! Save mighty Lord!

2. Are not thy mercies large and free? Save, mighty Lord! }
 May not a sin-ner trust in Thee? Save, mighty Lord! } Oh save, save, mighty Lord! And send converting power down! Save mighty Lord!

3. My crimes are great, but can't surpass,
 The power and glory of Thy grace;
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pard'ning love be found!

4. Oh wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clear;
 Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.

5. My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
 Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

6. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce Thee just, in death;

And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

7. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope still hov'ring round Thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

"OH, SAVE."

REV. C. WESLEY, 1762.

1. Thou Man of griefs, remember me,
 Who never canst, thyself, forget
 Thy last mysterious agony,
 Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat!

2. When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
 Thy spirit sunk beneath its load,
 Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
 The wrath of an Almighty God.

3. Father (if I may call thee so),
 Regard my fearful heart's desire;
 Remove this load of guilty woe,
 Nor let me in my sins expire.

4. I tremble lest the wrath divine,
 Which bruises now my wretched soul,
 Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
 Long as eternal ages roll.

5. To Thee my last distress I bring;
 The heightened fear of death I find;
 The tyrant brandishing his sting
 Appears, and hell is close behind.

6. I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from thee;
 Oh, save, and give me to Thy Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

1. O hap-py day! that fix'd my choice On Thee my Sa-vior and my God! }
 How did my glowing heart re-joice, And tell his raptures all a-broad! } Hap-py day! Hap-py day! When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live re-joic-ing ev'-ry day: } FINE. D.S.

D.S. Hap-py day! Hap-py day! When Jesus wash'd my sins a-way! FINE. D.S.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am the Lord's, and He is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest,
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
 With Him, of every good possessed.
5. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

"JESUS THE WAY."

CENICK, OF ENGLAND.

1. Jesus, my all to Heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till Him I view.
2. The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
3. This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.
4. The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Savior say,
 "Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY.
5. Lo I glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lamb,
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
6. Then will I tell, to sinners round,
 What a dear Savior I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God!"

AWAKE, JERUSALEM. L. M.

REV. C. WESLEY.

(ISAIAH, lx)

Arranged by WM. HAUSER, M. D., in 1844.

1. A-wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - wake! No long-er in thy sins lie down; The gar-ment of sal - va-tion take, Thy beauty and thy strength put on!

2. Shake off the dust that blind thy sight, And hides the promise from thy eyes; A - rise! and struggle in - to light; Thy Great Deliv - erer calls, a - rise!

3. Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free

4. Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, His word embrace,
Nor bear His hallowed name in vain.

5. The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what His grace begun.

ISAIAH, LI, 9-11.

REV. C. WESLEY.

1. Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes in fury down.

2. As in the ancient days appear!
The sacred annals speak Thy fame;
Be Thou omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3. By death and hell pursued in vain,
To Thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass thro' death triumphant home.

4. The pains of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

5. Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

KING'S MOUNTAIN. L. M. With Chorus.

29

REV. C. WESLEY, 1747.

Arranged by WM. HAUBER, M. D. FROM REV. E. SCHÖNKE.

FINE.

D.C.

1. Hap-py the man that finds the grace—Glo-ry be to God on high!—The wis-dom com-ing from a-bove—Glo-ry be to God Most High!
The bless-ings of God's cho-sen race—Glo-ry be to God on high!—

D.C. The faith that sweetly works by love—Glo-ry be to God on high!

FINE.

D.C.

2. Happy, beyond description he
Who knows, "the Savior died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains.

3. Wisdom Divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4. Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5. To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6. Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

CRUCIFIXION OF THE WORLD BY THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

DR. ISAAC WATTS—HYMNS.

(Gal. vi, 14.)

1. When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3. See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

CONTENTION. L. M. D.

REV. SAMUEL HAUSER, this Editor's uncle, 1810.

JAMES BRATON, 1824. Arranged for this book by PROF. WM. E. CHUTE, Ontario.

1. This day my soul has caught new fire, I feel that heav'n is com-ing nigh'r:
I long to quit this eun-brous clay, And shout with saints in end-less day.

When Christ-ians pray the dev-il runs, And

Ten thou-sand blust'-ring sons of night.

leaves the field to Zi-on's sons; One sin-gle saint can put to flight

2. The troops of hell are mustering round,
But Zion still is gaining ground;
The hottest fire is now begun,
Come, stand the fight till it is won.
Some foes are wounded, others fell;
Fight and save the rest from hell.
Ye little Samsons, up and try,
And fight old Satan till you die.

3. When Israel, come to Jericho,
Began to pray, to shout and blow,
The tow'ring walls came tumbling down,
Like thunder, flat upon the ground.
See Gideon marching out to fight;
He had no weapon but his light:
He took his pitcher and his lap,
And stormed, with ease, the Midian camp.

4. Our God, who conquers death and sin,
Will smile, and say, "My saints, come in!
You've fought thro' many a battle sore,
But now you'll reign forevermore."
All glory! glory to the Lamb!
Thro' all my soul I feel the flame!
O when my soul shall hence remove,
I'll shout and sing with those above!

SHOUT OLD SATAN'S KINGDOM DOWN.

31

Old revival hymn and tune, REV. SAML. HAUSER.

Arranged by WM. HAUSER, March 22d, 1870. I learned this tune when a child.

FIN.

1. This day my soul has caught new fire,— Hal-le—hal-le - lu - jah! I feel that heav'n is com-ing nigh'r,—O glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! *FIN.*

CHORUS.

D.S. Hal-le—hal-le - lu - jah! We'll shout old Sa-tan's kingdom down, O glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! *FIN.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Shout! shout! we're gain - ing ground. *D.S.*

D.S.

2. When Christians pray the Devil runs,
And leaves the field to Zion's sons,
—CHO.
3. One single saint can put to flight
Ten thousand blustering sons of night,
—CHO.
4. The troops of hell are mastering round,
But Zion still is gaining ground,
—CHO.
5. We soon shall quit this cumbrous clay,
And shout and sing in endless day,
—CHO.

6. Our God, who conquers death and sin,
Will smile, and say, "My saints, come in."
—CHO.
7. You've fought thro' many a battle sore,
But now you'll reign forevermore."
—CHO.
8. All glory! glory to the Lamb!
Thro' all my soul I feel the flame.
—CHO.
9. Sorrow and sin will soon remove,
And then I'll shout with those above.
—CHO.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

WM. BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

FINE.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me, at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known.

D.S. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r!

FINE.

Wm W. Bradford, 1840.

D.S.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of-ten found re-lief.

D.S.

D.S.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engaged my waiting soul to bless:
And, since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
"Farewell! farewell, sweet hour of prayer."

DR. WATTS.

"SACRAMENT"

Old Tunes. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. 'Twas on that dark and dole - ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose A - gainst the Son of God's de - light,

2. Be - fore the mourn - ful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and blest, and brake: What love thro' all His ac - tions ran!

3. "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blest the wine;—
"Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

And friends be - tray'd Him to His foes.

What wondrous words of grace He spake!

4. (For us His flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, He felt the thorn:
And justice pour'd upon His head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.
5. (For us His vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave His soul a sacrifice.)
6. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."
7. Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Wm. Knose,
1789 — 1825.

LEAVENWORTH. L. M. D.

35

A. D. FILMORE, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

FINE.

1. Timespeeds a - way, a - way, a - way; An - oth - er hour, an - oth - er day,
An - oth - er month, an - oth - er year: Drops from us like the leaf - let sere: Drops like the life - blood from our hearts;

FINE.

D.C. The tress - es from our tem - ples fall, The eyes grows dim and strange to all.

FINE.

D.C.

The rose-bloom from our cheeks de - parts,

D.C.

D.C.

2. Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrent in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tow'r,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flow'r;
And sweeps, from our distracted breast,
The friends that lov'd, the friends that bless'd,
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

3. Time speeds away, away, away :
No eagle thro' the skies of day, —
No wind along the hills, can flee
So swiftly, or so smooth as He :
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age ;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

GOD'S GUARDIAN CARE.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1740.

1. How do Thy mercies close me round !
Forever be Thy name adored !
I blush, in all things to abound ;
The servant is above his Lord.
Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led :
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay His head.

3. While Thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth and hell I now defy ;
I lean upon my Savior's breast.

I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is
stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

2. But lo ! a place He hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep :
Yea, He Himself becomes my guard ;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
Jesus protects ! my fears, begone !
What can the Rock of Ages move ?
Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

4. Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
In time, and in eternity :
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.

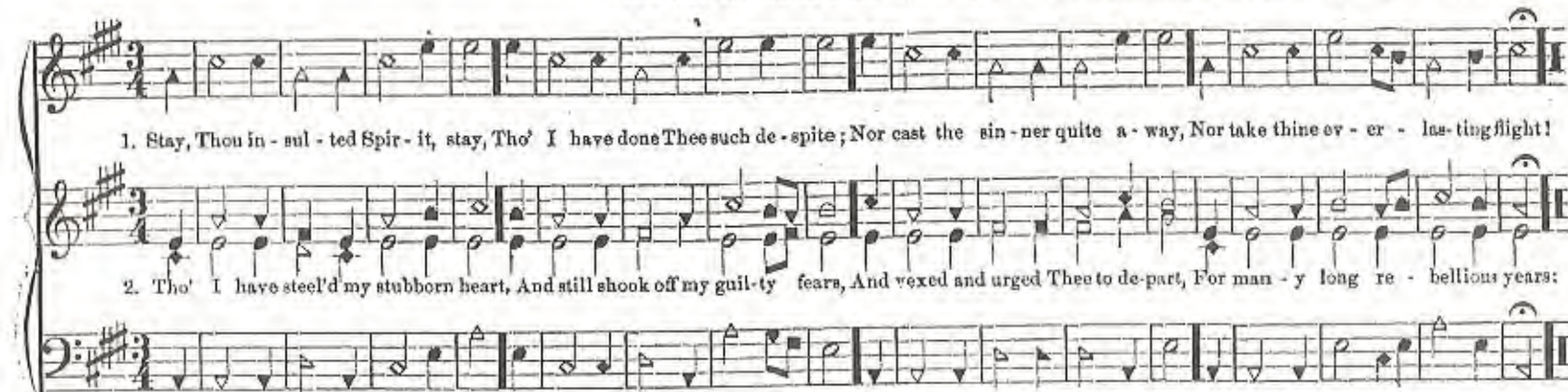
All glory ! glory to the Lamb !
Who died to set poor sinners free :
All praise and glory to His name,
In time, and in eternity !

—WM. HAUSER, M. D., Feb. 23d, 1878.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1749.

WM. WALKER.

He wrote it after having heard a sermon by REV. J. M. O. BREAKER, Baptist, on the text, "Quench not the Spirit."



1. Stay, Thou in-sul-ted Spir-it, stay, Tho' I have done Thee such de-spite; Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ev-er-las-ting flight!
2. Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart, And still shook off my guilt-y fears, And vexed and urged Thee to de-part, For man-y long re-bellious years:
3. Tho' I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved:
4. Yet Oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from Thy people's rest.

5. This only woo I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.
6. Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
Upraise me with Thy gracious hand;
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

PRAYER FOR THE UNIVERSAL OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT.

1. O Spirit of the living God!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
2. Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
3. Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;

Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

Baptize the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

5. God from eternity hath will'd
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Savior's suff'rings crown'd thro' Thee!

REV. JNO. HENRY WHITE, of Forsyth Co., N. C.

FINE. CHORUS.

1. Fare-well, vain world, I'm go-ing home! I am bound for the land of Canaan:
My Sav-ior smiles and bids me come; I am bound for the land of Canaan: O Ca-naan, sweet Ca - naan! I am bound for the land of Canaan:

FINE.

D. S. I am bound for the land of Canaan.

FINE.

2. Farewell, my earthly friends below;
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
My Savior calls, and I must go;
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

D. S.

Sweet Canaan, my hap - py home!

D. S.

D. S.

MY HAPPY HOME.

CENNICK.

- Jesus my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.
- The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I **AM THE WAY.**"
- Lo! glad I come, and Thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- Then will I tell, to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

Mrs. Voke, 1816.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., July 22d, 1868, in room No. 3, Barbee's Hotel, High Point, N. C.

1. Ye Christian Her - alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va - tion in Em - man - uel's name; To dis - tant climes the ti - dings

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in - spire; Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry

B. H. Draper

3. And, when your labors all are o'er,
Then shall ye meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-wash'd throng, to fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all,

hear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.

cease, And calm the sav - age breast to peace.

THE SAVIOR'S PRESENCE MAKES DEATH EASY.

WATTS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Why should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy;
And yet we dread to enter there! | 3. Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed. |
| 2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away,
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay! | 4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there. |

THE TURTLE DOVE. L. M. D.

Wm. Caldwell. 39

REV. JNO. ADAM GRANADE, about 1808. Born, 1775 ; died, 1806.

Arranged by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

FINE. D.C.

1. Hark! don't you hear the tur-tle dove? The to-ken of re-deem-ing love?
From hill to hill we hear the sound, The neighb'ring valleys echo round: O Zi-on, hear the tur-tle dove, The to-ken of your Savior's love!

FINE. D.C.

D.C. She comes the de-sert land to cheer, And wel-come in the Ju-bil year.

FINE. D.C.

2. The Winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
The Spring is come—how sweet the view!
All things appear Divinely new.
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry:
"The resurrection's drawing nigh!
Behold! the nations from abroad
Are flocking to the mount of God."

3. The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh,
O sinners turn! why will you die?
How can you spurn the gospel's charms?
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms!
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old;
They longed to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4. The latter days on us have come,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All flocking to the mount of God!
O, yes! and I will join that band—
Now here's my heart and here's my hand;
With Satan's bands no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5. His banner soon will be unfurled,
And He will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we shall stand,
In Canaan's fair, celestial land.
When sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

From McANALLY'S "Western Harp."

Called after the late Rev. Wm. Patton, of Mo. Heard him sing it, first, at a camp-meeting, North Cove, Burk Co., N.C., in 1881 or 1882. Published by the admirable A. S. HAYDEN, perhaps in 1829.

1. Young peo-ple, all, at-ten-tion give, While I address you in God's name; I sought for bliss, in glit-ter-ing toys, And ranged th'alluring scenes of vice;
You who in sin and fol-ly live, Come, hear the coun-sel of a friend:

2. He spake at once my sins forgiv'n, And wash'd my load of guilt a-way; And now, with trembling sense, I view Dread billows roll beneath your feet;
He gave me par-don, peace, and hear'n, And thus I found the nar-row way;

But nev-er found substan-tial joys, Un-till I heard my Sav-ior's voice.

For death e-ter-nal waits for you Who slight the force of gos-pel truth.

3. Youth, like the Spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time, or conqu'ring death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark;
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither, like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4. Ye heedless ones, who wildly stroll,
The grave must soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll,
In solemn silence round your head;
Your friends will pass that mournful place,
And with a sigh move slowly on;
Still gazing at the spikes of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.

5. But Oh! the soul where vengeance reigns,
It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries!
It rolls amidst the burning flames,
In endless woe and agonies;
There swallow'd up in blackest night,
Where devils howl, and thunders roar,
To rage in keen despair and gull,
When thousand thousand years are o'er!

Rev. Seth Mattison

Watts.

1. Sin - ner, O why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dread - ful haste to die? Dar - ing to leap to worlds un-known,

2 Wilt thou de - spise e - ter - nal fate, Urged on by sin's de - lu - sive dreams, Mad - ly at - tempt th' in - fer - nal gate,

Heed-less a - gainst thy God to fly!

And force thy pas - sage to the flames?

PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1742.

- God of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure;
Whose word, when heav'n and earth shall pass,
Remains, and stands forever sure.
- That I Thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind Thy truth may see,
Hallow Thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.
- Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean;
Now, Father, let the gracious show'r
Descend, and make me pure from sin.
- Purge me from every sinful blot;
My idols all be cast aside!
Cleanse me from ev'ry sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.
- Give me a heart, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to Thee.
- Oh, take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own;
In me no longer let it stay;
Oh, take away this heart of stone!
- Oh, that I now, from sin releas'd,
Thy word may to the utmost prove,
Enter into the promis'd rest,
The Canaan of Thy perfect love!

- Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glory of His dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1739.

Air by JEREMIAH INGALLS, 1833. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., Feb., 1873.

FINE. D.C.

1. Lord, I de - spair my - self to heal; I see my sin, but can - not feel: 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
I can - not, till Thy Spi - rit blow, And bid th'o - be - dient wa - ters flow. Thy gifts I on - ly can re - ceive;

FINE.

D.C. Here, then, to Thee I all re - sign; To draw, re - deem, and seal - are thine.

FINE. D.C.

2. With simple faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my all;
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour Thyself into my heart!

THE SINNER'S FRIEND

1. Jesus, the Sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open Thine arms and take me in!
2. Pity, and heal, my sin-sick soul:
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole:
Fall'n, till in me Thine image shine,
And curs'd I am till Thou art mine.
3. Awake, the woman's conq'ring Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head!
Tread down Thy foes; with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.

4. The mansion for Thyself prepare:
Dispose my heart by entering there;
'Tis this alone can make me clean;
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
5. At last I own it cannot be
That I should sit myself for Thee:
Here then to Thee I all resign:
Thine is the work, and only Thine.
6. What shall I say Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
"Lord, I am damned, but Thou hast died."

Forte in the D.C.

FINE.

1. A - way, my un - be - liev - ing fear! Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Sa - voir doth not yet ap - pear, He hides the brightness of His face:

But shall I there - fore let Him go,

D.C. Not in the strength of Je - sus, No! I nev - er will give up my shield.

FINE.

* Sing these upper notes in the Fine only.

And base-ly to the tempt - er yield?

D.C.

HAB. III, 17, 18.

REV. C. WESLEY.

1. Away, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more take place;
My Savior doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of His face:
But shall I therefore let Him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2. Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty state no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race—
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

MARIETTA. L. M.

DR. WATTS.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., Feb. 4th, 1874.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on; March to the gates of end - less joy,

2. Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course; But hell and sin are van - quish'd foes: Thy Sa - vior nailed them to the cross,

Where thy great Cap - tain Sa - vior's gone.

And sang the tri - umph when He rose.

3. What tho' the Prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite?
Eternal chains confine him down,
To fiery depths and endless night.

5. Then let my soul march boldly on;
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conq'rors wait.

4. What tho' thine inward lusts rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life,
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

6. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

TATE AND BRADY. Ps. 34th. A Slow, Solemn, Grand Old Tune.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1560. Born, 1515; Died, 1595.

1. Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of time, In trou - ble, and in joy, The prais - es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy.

2. Of His de - liv - 'rance I will boast, Till they that are dis - tress'd, From my ex - am - ple com - fort take, And charm their griefs to rest.

- | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|
| 3. O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name :
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came, | 4. The Angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust. | 5. O make but trial of His love ;
Experience will decide
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide. | 6. Fear Him, ye saints ; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you His service your delight ;
Your wants shall be His care. |
|--|---|--|---|

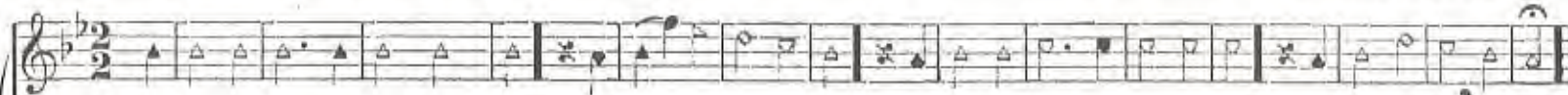
HYMN FOR NEW YEAR.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1750.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1. Sing to the Great Jehovah's praise ;
All praise to Him belongs :
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs. | 3. Father, Thy mercies past we own,
Thy still-continued care ;
To Thee presenting, thro' Thy Son,
Whate'er we have and are. | 5. Our residue of days, or hours,
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be ;
And, all our consecrated pow'rs,
A sacrifice to Thee : |
| 2. His providence hath brought us thro'
Another various year :
We all with vows and anthems new,
Before our God appear. | 4. Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of Thy love,
While on, in Jesu's steps, we go,
To see Thy face above. | 6. Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth, forgiv'n,
And bring the grand Sabbath year,
The jubilee of heav'n. |

One of the grandest and noblest tunes in the world.

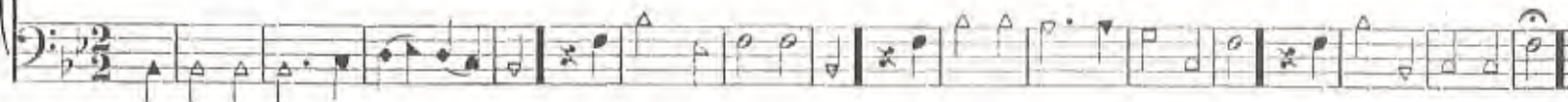
REGINALD SPOFFORTH.



1. I sing th' Almighty pow'r of God, That made the mountains rise; That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies



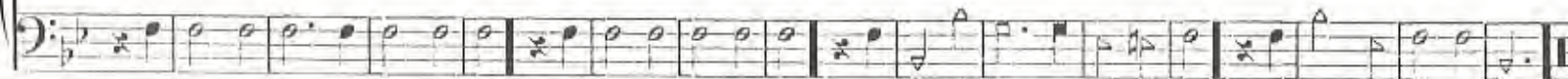
2. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food; He formed the crea - tures by His word, And then pronounced them good.



I sing the wis - dom that ordained The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at His command, And all the stars o - bey.



Lord, how Thy won - ders are displayed, Where'er I turn my eyes! If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up - on the sky.



3. There's not a plant, or flower, below,
But makes Thy glories known;

And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

Creatures, that borrow life from Thee,
Are subject to Thy care:

There's not a place, where we can flee,
But God is present there.

WM. COWPER.

1. God moves in a mya - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form; He plants His foot - steps in the sea,

2. Deep, in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He treas - ures up His bright de - signs,

And rides up - on the storm.

And works His sove - reign will.

3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace.
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

URGENT APPEAL.

FAWCETT.

1. Sinners, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you, by His sacred word,
From sin's destructive way.
2. Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings, within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.
3. Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4. Why will you, in the crooked ways,
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe.
5. But he that turns to God, shall live,
Thro' His abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek His face.
6. Bow to the sceptre of His word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin;
Submit to Him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn His will Divine.

ATTN—HYMNS.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., in 1841.

1. How sad our state by na - ture is! Our sin, how deep its stain! And Sa - tan binds our cap - tive souls,
D.S. Fast in his slav - ish chains.

2. But there's a voice of sove - reign grace Sounds from the sa - cred word: "Ho! ye de - spair - ing sin - ners, come,
D.S. And trust a faith - ful Lord."

3. My soul obeys the gracious call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe Thy promise, Lord;
 Oh help my unbelief!

4. To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.

5. Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King,
 My reigning sins subdue;
 Drive the old Dragon from his seat,
 With all his hellish crew.

6. A guilty weak, and helpless worm,
 On Thy kind arms I fall;
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my all.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1749.

English tune obtained from CAPT. GEO. P. OATS, of Jamestown, N. C.



1. Lov-ers of pleas-ure more than God, For you He suf-fer'd pain; Swearers, for you He spilt His blood: And shall He bleed in vain?

2. Mis-ery, for you His life He paid; Your bas-est crimes He bore: Drunkards, your sins on Him were laid, That you might sin no more.

3. The God of love, to earth He came,
That you might come to heav'n;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your sin's forgiv'n.

4. Believe in Him who died for thee,
And, sure as He hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

J E S U S.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1749.

1. Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2. Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners giv'n;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heav'n.

3. Jesus the prisoners' fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Pow'r into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4. Oh that the world might taste, and see,
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5. His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry: "Behold the Lamb!"

6. Happy if, with my latest breath,
may but gasp His Name:
Preach Him to all, and cry, in death:
Behold! behold the Lamb!"